

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

William Booth, Founder.

Canada West Headquarters:
Confederation Life Bldg., Winnipeg

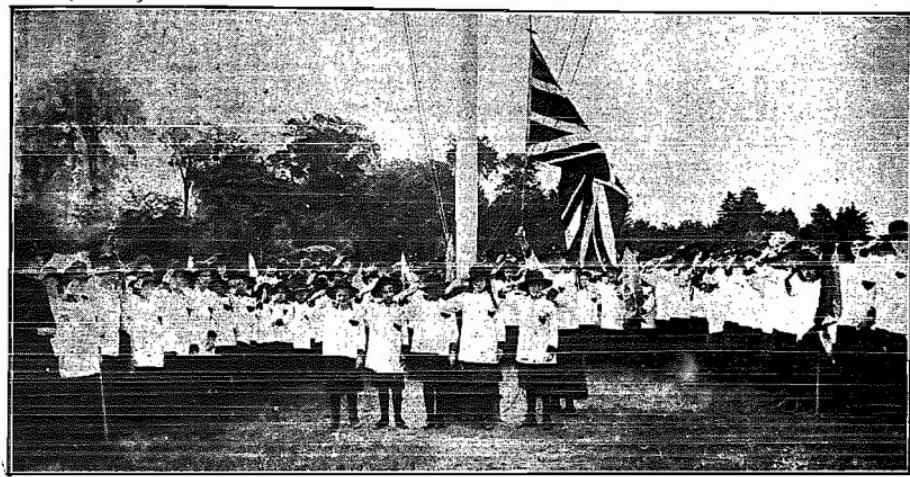
34th Year. No. 47.

Bramwell Booth, General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1917.

Chas. Sowton, Commissioner.

Price Five Cents



With the Life-Saving Guards in Camp
.. . . at Jackson's Point

(1) A Morning Salute to the Flag; (2) Commissioner Richards with Captain Satya Mapp and the Troop Leaders who were at the Opening of the Camp. Others joined later.

ONE SOUL!

One soul for Thee! Lord, let me win
One precious soul who knows
Thee;
One soul who wanders on in sin,
Without the pardon Thou hast
brought.

One soul for Thee! Lord, let me stay
So near the Cross, so close to Thee;
That those who meet me day by day
May power in my life may see.

One soul for Thee! No rest I'd
know—

Till I have led one guilty soul
Unto the healing, cleansing flow,
And seen it there made white and
whole.

For this, I on the altar lay,
All that I have—all that I am;
That I may spend my life's short
day.

In pointing sinners to the Lamb,

And when to one dark, burdeled
heart,

I've brought the Light of Cavalry;
Then, Lord, to me the power impart
To win another soul for Thee.

E.S.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

"Because thou sayest, I am rich,
and increased my goods; and have need of nothing;
and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable,
and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to
sell all that thou hast gold tried in the
fire, that thou mayest be rich;
and white raiment; that
thou mayest be clothed;
that the shame of thy nakedness
do not appear; and
anoint thine eyes with eye-
salve; that thou mayest see."

HOW TO BE SAVED

Firmly face the fact of your sin.
It is true, and unless something
happens to stop you, you will
stand before your Maker at last with
only foul horrors as its record.
Cast yourself upon God's mercy;
confess your wrongs against His
laws; plead for pardon in the name
of Jesus, who has said you shall not
what you will, and it shall be given
you.

A TESTIMONY

Read this testimony, one among
many: "The Salvation Army found
me, a wretched, drunken, cadger.
They pointed me to a pining Sav-
ian, who told me, 'You are not fit for me, but I
could not understand him at first.' Still,
the Soldiers round me knelt and
prayed until the light burst through.
What a wondrous change—the
change taking him in my way. My tongue
forgot the profane words, and I
learned to pray. The Army
led me next evening on the streets.
My knees knocked together, so I
could scarce keep on my feet; but
the help of the Army, I stood to speak
for them. They gave me the
cure for infied sin, that my de-
sires might be all changed, crowded
and pure within. Praise God
for it!"—British "War Cry."

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE

The president of a bank, when
asked by a young clerk how to dis-
tinguish counterfeit bills at sight,
replied:

"Get familiar with the good bills,
and you will recognize the bad ones
without any trouble."

THE BANK OF GRACE

By COMMISSIONER FAKIR SINGH (BOOTH-TUCKER)

"Grace unto you and peace be multiplied."—1 Peter 1:2.

I WAS walking along the Mall from our home to our Simla Head-quarters, and was musing that time in committing to memory that glorious half of the first chapter of Peter's first letter to the Depressed Class and Crime who composed the Apostles' early converts in Asia Minor. They were "strangers" and "scattered abroad" from the world's point of view; but from Peter's standpoint they were "holy ones," buried in his hands and feet upon his knees. "Oh, my Lord, I owe so much! I can never reckon up, never pay it off—never get free. It is useless for me to borrow more, for I can never repay a fraction of it!"

And there, spread before the eyes of my soul, I saw the Bank of Grace—the wonderful instrument under the hand of all Banks established by Christ Himself, and filled with His Heavenly riches, and open to all mankind.

The Noble Gateway of Pardon

Flocking in myriads to its beautiful Gateway, I seemed to see a vast crowd of bankrupt souls, loaded, pursued by their creditors to the very doorstep of the Bank. I seemed to follow one such soul, the manager's parlour. There were no chaperones to drive him away, poorly as he was clad—no clerks to demand his business—no notice, for bidding entrance—not even a screen to hide the Manager from view. "Come to Me to set you free!" said "Yes, Lord, You did! It is all true. I heard it and read it, but I could not believe it. I felt I was too poor to bring something better little. And I had nothing but 'would' and 'desires' and putting 'selves'. I tried to make myself self, and to get a little cleaner before coming." But I grew worse, tried to patch the miserable rag that I wore, but the rents only became worse. And at last I resolved to come, as said I might. "I came without one pie. But that Thee would help me for me. And O Lord, make me come to Thee. I am bankrupt. I come!"

"Come this way," says the Angel. The Manager has been expecting your arrival for some time. Why didn't you come sooner? Don't you get His notice inviting you to deposit, and offering to pay your debts and settle with your creditors?"

"Oh, yes, but the news seemed too good to be true. I thought the message must be for some one else. And even if it were true, I was too proud to come. I thought I would work

hard and pay off my debts myself. But the Master worked, and the more I tried, the worse my position became."

The Bank Manager had left his chair and was standing beside the bankrupt. Taking him gently by the hand, He led him to a seat. "Tell me all," He said. "How much overshewst thou?" There was reproach mixed with tenderness in His voice.

The bankrupt sank back again, buried his face in his hands and feet upon his knees. "Oh, my Lord, I owe so much! I can never reckon up, never pay it off—never get free. It is useless for me to borrow more, for I can never repay a fraction of it!"

He passed with the Manager through another doorway. Over it was written, "Holiness to the Lord." He received a badge with the same motto, with the injunction:

"To place it over the portal of his soul, so no unclean thing should henceforth enter there."

"The Treasures of Grace, the Gold of Love, the Silver of Courage, were hung about the necks of these to the crowds, who came and said:

"Watch what they do," said the Manager to the once-bankrupt soul. "It is not for their own profit and enjoyment that they seek these treasures of Grace. But it is bound on some errand of mercy. The gold and silver that they bear away will not turn to stones and rubbish, if they sought to use it for some selfish end."

"And get a little cleaner before coming." But I grew worse, tried to patch the miserable rag that I wore, but the rents only became worse. And at last I resolved to come, as said I might.

"I came without one pie. But that Thee would help me for me. And O Lord, make me come to Thee. I am bankrupt. I come!"

"That is all Task," replied the Manager. "Through your sins as a scat, they shall be as wool. Son, thy sins shall be forgiven thee. Go and sin no more! Refer your creditors to Me. I will settle your accounts. The parson under the Blood!"

Joyfully the bankrupt rose. Tearingly he thanked His Lord. His voice was choked with sobs. He was about to depart, when the Manager

said: "Wait a moment. I will give you every man according to his works."

See this Band. The Bandmaster says for attention, every man is once alert. Now, stand off, see how carefully they watch the baton, how they listen for each note! How beautifully they work up the expression. How the tone rises and falls. Every man is intent on his work, and the band, determined to do his best. The audience is deeply moved because of the evident care and earnestness displayed in the whole performance.

In this particular a Salvation Army Band should be a pattern. We are not merely playing to amuse; we have a high purpose in view, and we ought to express that purpose by every means in our power—Bandman, Local Officers, and Songster."

ALL THE ALPHABET

It is seldom that all the letters of the alphabet are to be found even on a page of the ordinary book; but here they are in four short lines:—God gives the grazing ox meat, And quickly hears the sheep's low cry;

But man, who loves his Master, Should joy to lift His Master.

Should joy to lift His Master.

PARAGRAPHS and Pictures
from THE ARMY'S PRESS

summed up in a single sentence. This pointed advice applies not only to the detection of counterfeit money, but with equal force to the detection of the counterfeit and false in all departments of human life—America's "Young Soldier."

ATTENTION TO DETAILS

Makes a Band's Playing Effective

How easily a Band can throw away all the finest efforts of the Bandmaster by careless performances and little attentions to detail. Getting water out just when your pipe is full of it. Talking when you have a bar or two to play, and then starting too late. Failing to observe an expression sign. Playing a certain passage too loud because of intonation, etc. All these things mar the effect of a whole piece.



JOHN BRITAIN: Giving small leaves to the people nearly broke my heart; but when I said, "What can I do?" John Britain: "Just stay at the stall."

THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE MILITARY ZONE IN FRANCE

The British Commissioner Describes His Visit to Huts, Hostels, and Camps—Finds Good Salvation Work in Progress—Receives Warm Tribute to Ambulances from Red Cross Representatives.—Tremendous Responsibilities and Vast Machinery.

COMMISSIONER HIGGINS, on his return from a seventeen-day visit to the North of France, writes in the British "War Cry" as follows:

"Every available hour has been spent in efforts for blessing and helping the men of the British Army, and in inspection of Salvation Army activities in the zone of the armies. A brief statement of impressions left upon me may be of interest:

HUTS

"Since my last visit, six months ago, seven new Huts have been opened. It has been found necessary to provide much larger buildings, in seeking to meet the varied needs of the men, in addition to the usual Room for meetings, now rooms for meetings, readings, card games, meditation. Our Huts are erected in remount, reinforcement, and labour camps, and each presents its own unique opportunity.

"During my visit six additional Huts were agreed to, four of these being in convalescent camps, where we consider our greatest opportunities are to be found. In addition to this, more room will have to be provided at six existing Huts.

HOSTELS

"These Institutions meet a very great need. They are established in cities in the neighbourhood of which large camps are in existence. Naturally, whenever possible, the men come into the cities, where temptations are everywhere to be met. We have taken seven fine properties in six cities, where the Service-men can find every convenience and protection.

"One such Institution which I opened during my visit was formerly a large convent. It is situated on the outskirts of the city, and has with its walls a room for 200 men at one time, a meeting room to seat 150 men, a reading room, a library, a writing room, a small kitchen, a washroom, a laundry, a dispensary, a post office, a shop, a canteen, a card room, a singing room, a hall, and a room for the blind. The Army has had its share of difficulties, but the results are such as to make it abundantly worth while. Hundreds of letters, expressive of gratitude for kindness shown to a relative in hospital, reach our Headquarters in France from all parts.

ANXIOUS SOLDIERS

"Many of the men fighting for the Empire are carrying heavy burdens caused by anxieties regarding home, wife, children, or mother; sickness, or of course, bereavement. They are worried, changing the whole outlook on life or leaving it, are not coming with regularity, or, it may be, one is not coming with regularity. The notice now exhibited in our Hostels and Huts, asking any who are anxious to communicate with the Officer in charge, or with our Headquarters in Boulogne, to bring the names of their relatives, sets the whole Salvation Army machinery at work in an endeavour to relieve. The results are such as to cause much rejoicing to those responsible.

OFFICERS

"Our Officers are straining every nerve to fulfil their duties, and are expected to do so. The life of a Salvation Army Officer working amongst the troops in France is no sinecure. There are tremendous business responsibilities which occupy much time. Word may come from the camp commandant that five thousand men are expected in an hour's time; or it may be one hundred and five hundred; our officers are called upon to fulfil their duty in the larger or the smaller crowd. He gives time to personal contact with any man who needs his advice or help; he is specially on the look-out for Salvationists. Meetings have to be arranged to cause as little inconvenience as possible to other Officers, and yet to the Officers the meetings are the chief things. Hundreds of men go from Salvation Army meetings up to the trenches, and often to death; this fact makes the meetings all the more important.

DEMANDS

"Lieut.-Colonel Haines and Staff-Captain Mary Booth are absorbed in the work, the opportunities of which are many. The Army has a great responsibility that theirs is more often midnight work than not. They not only have the details of the vast machinery to watch and control, but the meetings to attend, the Officers to help; and the Salvation Army the opportunity to preciously guard and embrace.



Supplies "Going Up" for an Army Hut in France

WITH OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN CAMP AND AT THE FRONT.

THE SIGN OF THE SHIELD

IS WELCOME SIGHT TO MEN IN KHAKI—GOOD WORK IS BEING DONE AT WITLEY CAMP

A few weeks ago a new recruit arrived at the Crystal Palace, now in possession of the Royal Navy Division, and lay his hammock with six hundred men in one of the largest tents. On the night of his arrival, before essaying the tricky task of climbing into his novel bed, he knelt down and prayed; he prayed aloud, asking God's blessing upon the men. Before he had finished several bombs struck him to the heart, but he stood to his knees and won the victory.

Early next morning, before the other men were awake, he gathered all the boots that had come his way, and polished them, some until he could see his face in them. The petty officer on his rounds, noticing the unusual number of boots in one place, asked the young fellow what it meant. So he explained that they had been thrown at him.

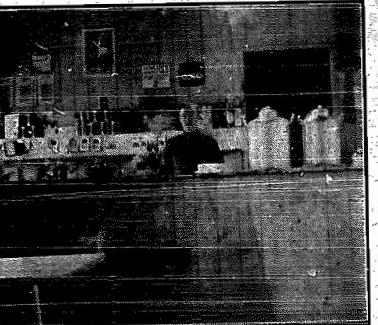
"You are the man that prayed last night, are you?" the petty officer asked, he called all the men together and told them of a ring. So he said, "You pray last night, show us let us see if you can pray again!" Nothing loath, the recruit stepped into the ring, knelt down and prayed aloud that God would bless every man in the Crystal Palace. From that hour the men at the Palace, who had been sent to the wind to blow on him, to use his name, and none dare make a noise when he prays at the close of the day, as he has prayed every night since that initial effort.

IN DANGER'S HOUR

The earth was trembling like a sea, so that one would think the very foundations would give way. Shells were dropping within close range, and the men were forced to seek shelter. The wind had gone on for nearly two hours. Then, at 11 p.m., a wind and rain storm began to rage, and the shells closed in all around, and machine guns rattled everywhere.

At this point the Salvationists were an Officer who called a roll from the recruits, recited the hymn, sang a number of our old songs, and he closed in prayer. The captain, of whose presence they were unaware, stepped out of the darkness just then and said: "Thank you boys, you have done well."

"Thank you boys, you have done well," said the captain. "If you need me, send word." The Captain, of whose presence they were unaware, stepped out of the darkness just then and said: "Thank you boys, you have done well."



Interior of Rest Hut No. 3 at Witley Camp, England

white shield sign is seen. It is a good sign. It means a great deal to thousands and beyond doubt to hundreds of others.

There are three Salvation Army Huts in Witley Camp and the one which I refer to is Number Three. It is only a single Hut, the other two having a separate room for the purpose of reading and writing. Entom Mr. J. Martin, the Officer in charge, and they certainly do their best for the boys. They are always on the lookout to render any service within their power. Nothing is a trouble, and the boys appreciate it. When troopers are moving out, no matter whether it be day or night,

MANY APPEALS

Lads in Khaki Turn to Salvation Army Officers for Counsel.

With Mr. Wilson I have had the opportunity of visiting thirty camps, at which the hard-working Officers are daily toiling with a smile on their faces and a song on their hearts to meet the needs of the men (writes Colonel Wilson in his book "The War in Egypt," greatly encouraged by varied appeals which reach them from the men for counsel and help).

"My wife and children miss me; can you send some one to cheer them?" says one. "The landlord is pressing my wife to move," says a second. "We have a thin income and if you please can I have permission to go into the prayer room?"

"My wife and children miss me; can you send some one to cheer them?" says one. "The landlord is pressing my wife to move," says a second. "We have a thin income and if you please can I have permission to go into the prayer room?"

The English and his wife are on board ship when "Good-bye and God-speed." As the boys pass the Hull many "Good-byes" are heard from them, along with other sayings they have about the good things they had received from the Hut.

IS THERE ANY DIFFERENCE?

A Little Incident Which Shows The Army's Touch

Enter a Salvation Army Hut in search of the real and lasting worthiness of your life, and you will need the true instinctive eye, and a kindly combination of events, to attain your object. More than likely, however, you will be guided by the sight of Salvationists kept busy as bees, supplying food and booking beds for weary men.

"Oh," you say, "this is just a restaurant; anybody could do this sort of thing; why need The Army touch?" Is there any difference?

"Yes, there's a whole world of difference." And as you sit at the King's Cross Hostel the next day, having you would have seen a thin, country-looking lad of about fifteen dressed in khaki, enter suddenly. Having booked his bed he strolled out again. Mrs. Adjutant was sitting by, mending clothes, answering various calls, her eye was very watchful, and a short time later she saw the boy talking with an elderly man of suspicious type. On his return she found time to question the young soldier some more, found him well-toned, advised him to go on.

It was not long afterwards the lad came across the room and said: "You know, I've been thinking about what you said, and I would like to seek this Salvation you talk about. I'm going away to-morrow and I'd like to get right with God before I go." Little perhaps did the elderly fellow realize that in the morning the lad went off happy in his new-found joy. That's one of the ways in which the real thing is done.

SANG AT THE WHEEL

A Naval Comrade's Testimony

Bandsman Lorne Marbeck of Regina, Sask., who is a member of the R. N. C. V. R. and is serving "Somewhere on the Sea," wrote home to a comrade Bandsman as follows:

"As I stood at the wheel this afternoon, gazing the vessel through the deep unknown, I sang some of the old songs. I am proud to tell you that His Grace has been sufficient for me, and whatever may befall, thank God, it is well with our souls."

The Salvationists serve with the Federal Forces of the United States, at Clifford Adder Coe, son of Staff-Captain and Coe, of New Orleans, and radio operator aboard the U. S. S. "Omanche."



Brothers Summerville and McBride
Private Summerville (Glenwood,
Sask.) and McBride (the Mills, Battawin,
Sask.), sons of Mr. and Mrs. John
Brock and Bandsman Lorne Marbeck
(Regina, Sask.), now serving in
the services.

Brothers French and Martin
Who are now overseas. Both comrades belong to St. John's No. 6, becoming Soldiers at No. 11 and No. 111 Corps respectively. Brother French
was the joy of seeing his father in the Services before he left home.



Woman's Work, Ways and Warfare.

POOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

ENJOY TWO WEEKS AT THE SALVATION ARMY FRESH AIR CAMP.

The Home Leaguers in the St. John Division are kept in touch with each other's doings by means of a small typewritten bulletin issued from Divisional Headquarters. Here are a few live parts from it:—

*

The following Corps now have Home Leagues: Amherst, Springhill, St. John I., Moncton, St. John II., St. John III., St. John IV., Sussex, Woodstock, Fredericton, Somerset, and Yarmouth. The total membership is now about 225.

*

"Socks for Soldiers"—Mrs. Major Barr has received the following, which are being sent to Mrs. Commissioner Richards for shipment to Captain Steel in France, who will distribute them among the men: Springfield pairs socks; Amherst, 25 pairs; Moncton, 18 pairs, besides sending a number individually to Moncton Soldiers; Fredericton, 10 pairs, also 3 suits pyjamas and 42 trench coats; St. John I., 22 pairs socks; St. John II., 11 pairs socks; Sussex, 6 pairs socks. The majority of these are splendidly knitted.

*

Moncton and St. John I. recently had Sales of Work and raised substantial amounts, which went toward the purchase of sewing machines. St. John II. also had a very successful Sale. Mrs. Conn, the enterprising Secretary at Springfield, secured the socks above listed by means of a shower.

*

HOME HINTS.

Remember that it is especially necessary to burn all kitchen refuse in the hot weather as vegetables and other organic matter quickly pollute and pollute the surrounding atmosphere.

Keep a plentiful supply of butter-milk; it is very cheap, and there is nothing better for throwing over dishes containing meat, fish, etc., and for covering milk-jugs and all vessels containing liquids.

More illnesses than people dream of come from a neglected state, and during the heat, another special care should be taken to keep it clean.

It is a good plan, when possible, to empty all water in which vegetables have been cooked down an outside drain.

UNHEALTHY TOPICS.

"Talk about anything rather than your ailments or those of your friends" was the advice offered by a bright woman to those of her sex who do not realize the depressing influence of unhealthy topics of conversation.

"There was an underlying truth," she continued, "in the old superstition that to talk about demons and witches was to lay oneself open to their power. It is so with disease and misery. To dwell on these subjects, to complain of the presence of the evil spirit, by depressing the mind and filling it with suggestions of weakness and peevishness! To be healthy you must talk healthily and think health."

The Officer smiled. "There is no need to do that," she replied, "they come to us. More applications are received than we can possibly deal with. I only wish we could send



A Mother and Her Six Children were among the number taken to The Army's Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point last week

the stifling Summer atmosphere of narrow streets and overcrowded dwellings. What wonder that women and children wilt and wither and soon become an easy prey to sickness.

Beyond Their Reach

Two weeks in the country, with health-giving lake breezes, good food, and recreation, means much to such families. But they are already beyond their reach or thought unless some benevolent hand is stretched out to them. The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp is thus a veritable boon to many poor folks, who are overjoyed at being able to send their children to a lovely place during the most trying days of summer. Out there the little ones romp and play in the sunshine and fresh air, bathe in the lake and roam around the countryside, with the result that roses come back to pale cheeks and constitutions are strengthened to withstand the deadly germs that lurk everywhere.

Wherever possible the mothers are sent to the camp with the children, and very often, it is the poor mother who needs the rest and change most.

"How do you find out the dependents of the Army? A young woman officer, 'do you make enquiries from door to door?'"

The Officer smiled. "There is no need to do that," she replied, "they come to us. More applications are received than we can possibly deal with. I only wish we could send

Brown Bread Pudding — Take butter, sugar, eggs, cream, and butter, mix to a cream, half a pound of brown bread crumb, quarter-pound of stoned raisins, and two eggs. Mix all together, and put into a greased mould, and bake for one hour. Pour warmed jam over when served.

Prune Pie—Take two cupsful of prunes, washed thoroughly and drained; add a cupful of sugar, tea-spoonful of hot water, one tea-spoonful lemon juice, one-third cup water; sprinkle teaspoonfuls of flour and milk, two eggs, and a fourth cupful of water. Mix all together, and put into a pie-dish. Bake for a Prune Custard Pie—soak prunes overnight and cook for 30 minutes, after removing the stones. Meanwhile make a custard of two tablespoonsfuls corn-flour and milk, two eggs, and a fourth cupful of water. Mix all together, and put into a pie-dish. Bake for one hour. Grated lemon rind may also be added for flavoring.

Railway Cake—One pound self-rising flour, four ounces dripping, four ounces sugar, one tea-spoonful sultanas, two ounces chopped prunes, one tea-spoon spice. Rub dripping into flour, mix with sour milk, buttermilk, or milk and water, into a stiff dough. Bake about one and a half hours.

Dried Apricot Jam—One pound apricots, one quart water, four pounds sugar. Soak apricots in the water twenty-four hours, then boil and stew till tender. Add sugar and boil until done, generally about half an hour. Very nice and less costly than bought jam.

OUR CHILDREN.

Few people realize the harm they do to children by neglecting them. It is a black moment when a child realizes that those exalted people who administer justice and dispense rewards can stoop to breaking faith.

If a promise is made and afterwards it is found that it cannot be kept, explain the status of affairs to the child. Tell him that you are sorry, that you will try to make up for it, and that you will do your best to keep your word.

From another Toronto Corps a mother and two children were sent to the Camp. The father was overseas and the mother was in a very poor state of health.

Helping Soldiers' Dependents. Looking through the list of reports forms one cannot help but be struck with the fact that the fathers of the majority of the children sent to the Camp are soldiers on active service. While they are fighting for their country, The Salvation Army helps their dependents at home.

"How do you find out the dependents of the Army? A young woman officer, 'do you make enquiries from door to door?'"

The Officer smiled. "There is no need to do that," she replied, "they come to us. More applications are received than we can possibly deal with. I only wish we could send

Gazette

Appointments:
Mrs. Brigadier Potter, to be Secretary for the Women's Social Work.

Mariage:
Captain Elijah Parsons, who came out from Toronto V., April 15th, 1915, and is now stationed at Yorkton, Sask.; to Captain John Patterson, who came out from Galt, Ont., April 15th, 1915, and is last stationed at Weyburn, Sask., on Monday, July 3rd, at Yorkton.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

GENERAL ORDER

HARVEST FESTIVAL

The Annual Harvest Festival Effort will be observed on Saturday, Sept. 2nd, to Tuesday, Sept. 25th. After Saturday, Aug. 26th, all contributions received for the raising of money (except on the basis of the amount given) will be sent directly to the Army Corps until the same date in any Corps until the campaign is over. Details of rates and other information concerning this General Order is observed.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by The Salvation Army Publishing House, 16 Allen Street, Toronto.

Editorial Notes

The General's Message

UPON those of our readers who are Salvationsists, we would press with all earnestness the careful study of The General's Anniversary Messages, the first of which was printed in the issue before our last, and the second of which appears on this page.

In the history of all successful organisations there seems to come a time when they themselves, their members and their own internal affairs become so large and important, that there is a danger that the aggressiveness with which their external objects were originally pursued is absorbed within their borders in dealing with their own affairs.

It is necessary to the effectiveness of any machine that it should be kept in order, its parts be properly adjusted, but it will be apparent to all that he would be utterly folly to spend so much time regulating, polishing, improving, and mending a machine that was no longer fit to be set to work. It would be as useless for its purpose as if it did not exist.

Reasons for "Others"

CALL is still being made for men in Cadets and the "machinery"; our friends are, we are sure, just as pleased to assist, with their money, in helping to provide this practical demonstration of religion in action.

Is This You?

ALL is still being made for men in Cadets and the "machinery";

Training Session. There may have been a time when the door was more widely open for effective working for God in The Salvation Army.

The ordinary channels of usefulness call for increased effort, and, in addition, the special circumstances of the times in which we are living make special openings for Godly and consecrated workers. These few hearts that are not disturbed by anxiety, and few people who are not now more ready to receive our message of Salvation than normal days.

The faith of some is shaken by the difficulties and trials that have come upon the world. Now is the time for showing, by out-and-out devotion and self-sacrifice, that our Salvation is practical, and to demonstrate, by caring for others, that the love of God of which we talk is real. God has called you to follow Him in this way. He has given you of your own soul, as well as for the sake of those to whom He designs to make you His Messenger; do not hesitate to obey.

Interesting New Book

"SOULS IN KHAKI," a book by Capt. A. J. M. Wilson, contains a copy of which has reached us, touches upon many and varied aspects of life in the war zone. Those who read the chapter we were able to print recently will be with us, we are sure, in hoping that an ample supply will soon reach Canada for this volume, a number of chapters of which will be appreciated far and wide by those who have loved ones on the field of battle.

The General has written the foreword. In it he remarks: "Men have said to me that in the very agony of conflict, and while the heavens were darkened with shot and shell, I have seen them, in the quiet of their feet, they have been more intimately conscious of the reality and presence of the Divine than in the quietude of normal life. I confidently anticipate that many men will return from their awful and cruel experiences of war with a deeper sense of the spirituality of salvation, and with a new power to 'lay hold' of the eternal things."

The book abundantly justifies this pronouncement. It also shows in striking fashion how God is helping Salvationsists to live for Him at the front; as well as gives some interesting particulars of what our Army is doing for the other army.

Religion in Action

A N outburst of practical demonstration is what a ton of preaching. We are sure our readers will every one feel like this when contemplating the working of The Army's plan to give city children a turn in the country.

While happily pauperism is practically unknown here, there are still comparatively many families who live in large cities whose circumstances are such that a yearly holiday in the country is quite beyond reach unless they are helped from outside.

The interview with the Officer in charge of a Toronto Corps, which appears on page five of this issue, indicated both the class of people who are helped and the need which exists.

The Army is pleased to be able to find the Camp and the "machinery"; our friends are, we are sure, just as pleased to assist, with their money, in helping to provide this practical demonstration of religion in action.

Is This You?

ALL is still being made for men in Cadets and the "machinery";

Training Session. There may have

been a time when the door was more

widely open for effective working

for God in The Salvation Army.

The ordinary channels of usefulness call for increased effort, and, in addition, the special circumstances of the times in which we are living make special openings for Godly and consecrated workers. These few hearts that are not disturbed by anxiety, and few people who are not now more ready to receive our message of Salvation than normal days.

The faith of some is shaken by the difficulties and trials that have come upon the world. Now is the time for showing, by out-and-out devotion and self-sacrifice, that our Salvation is practical, and to demonstrate, by caring for others, that the love of God of which we talk is real. God has called you to follow Him in this way. He has given you of your own soul, as well as for the sake of those to whom He designs to make you His Messenger; do not hesitate to obey.

The Past and the Future, II.

To Make Known Christ the Saviour
Our Great Business

By THE GENERAL

I WROTE last week that The Salvation Army exists not merely for Salvationsists—that is, the people who make up The Army—but for the whole world. I said this was the great message of The Army of the Past to The Army of the Present. To that I add that of all things we must beware of living only to preserve ourselves, our numbers, our property, or our influence; and that it is ours to devote all we have won, even to the death, so that we may bless and serve and save mankind.

Yes, but how shall we do that?

Laws Ineffective

Well, I do not think we shall do it merely by improvements in the human conditions of society, no matter how desirable such improvements may be. No doubt changes could be effected in many of the laws of the different nations, from China to Peru, with great advantage. Though as I get older I am more and more of the opinion expressed in the old couplet:—

How small the part of all that human kind which kings or laws can cause or cure!

If and such changes were made, I doubt whether they would accomplish much in the way of changing men's wills or lifting their affections to higher things. But until the will be changed and the heart set on what is good, nothing of any real moment is done in any man's life.

Not the Same Thing

There has been the great error of all the plans of human reform, from the philosophies of ancient Egypt down to the socialism of to-day!

They have all had in mind, at any rate in some degree, the improvement of man; but they have sought to accomplish it by changing his surroundings without changing him.

They have acted as though to pro-

vide him with clean lines was the

same thing as to make him clean. And, alas! it is not.

Nor shall we bless and save the world by making it admire and approve, or even accept, the "new way" of The Salvation Army way.

This would be very good! It might bring some splendid results in the future, if not in the present!

Outward Association

But it would scarcely be any more than the outward association with religion than we see in many of the forms of outward rank and creed whose personal spiritual experience is almost nil, and whose real devotion to God and His Son Jesus Christ is quite nil! I am all for The Salvation Army! Every one knows that!

I believe in it more than ever, both in its past and in its future. I have no fear for the future, provided the great minds and hearts of God towards the suffering and suffering children of men.

But even if the whole human family could be joined with us, made to accept our faith, to sing one song, and to submit to our discipline, I do not believe the world would be much better, unless the individual souls comprising it were turned in their own minds towards goodness and, to the love of goodness and the will to seek and find goodness. The fact is, that mere religiosity is nothing. Churchism and sacramentism, Chapelism and pulpitism, Salvation Armyism—or, if you like to use a hard word, ecclesiasticism—are all nothing. The world will not be blessed and saved by these things without another thing which is far more important than they are—all, which is more important than all of them put together.

And there is the answer to my question. It is only Christ Jesus, the Son of Man, the Son of God giving His blood on the cross, showing His power over the grave, making Himself known to men, that can change them in their purpose and desire and life.

Our Business

Now, The Army is bringing this revelation to men. That is our business, no matter what the cost to ourselves may be. We all know, who really do it, how costly it is! Some countries know—Great Britain is one. You have only to look around the world to see the mighty things done in this matter by those The Army in this nation has spared out of its own fields of woe what it could so ill afford them.

Some Corps know. They are something like the mother of all conscientious meetings—so was this third night through beans and beans, the children who have gone away. Some

children also know, the rest of these—Officers, Local Officers, Soldiers in every land who are telling without earthly reward to the risk of their little earthly all, to the rest of their small mortalities, the secret of health and life itself, in order to bring the Bread of Heaven to the needy people, to bring the Water of Life to the dying souls.

More Sacrifice

But we want more of it. The world does. All the best and bravest in its borders of earth and sea, I believe that.

More of this throwing all into the fight and risking all to make known the great Emancipator, the Everlasting Friend, the Conquering Saviour.

Ah, yes, that is it! Christ the Saviour. Not merely Christ the Helper of the poor, or the Father of the hungry, or the Father of the prodigal, or the Brother of the prodigal; or the Comforter of the sorrowful; but Christ the Saviour from condemnation and from stains and filth, from the Love and Power, and Presence of Sin.

(Continued on Page 16)

Aug. 18, 1917

THE WAR CRY

PARAGRAPHERETES

PERSONAL AND NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

During the stirring week-end Campaign by The General at Sunderland (England), sixty-nine seekers knelt at the Mercy Seat. Among the speakers were Colonel de Groot and Lieut.-Colonel T. E. H. Taylor, Commandant and Chief Secretary from Japan.

Captain Wilson (Chief Secretary for The Army's Work among troops in the United Kingdom) and in France, and Captain Wilson (who is visiting their camp where our Officers are stationed).

The gratitude of a young girl, who had received in a Salvation Army Children's Home, has (says the British "War Cry") just come out in a practical form. She has given up her place in the Home, and on her brother in Canada joining up, he assigned some of his pay to his sister, who was greatly surprised to receive it. The girl, however, turned it over to the Army. Captain Wilson, who is a victim of this poison who absolutely refused to be attended to by any one but her. Every time she polluted him, he gave her water, and when the Salvation Army man was as quiet as a lamb, the Officer was Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Flader.

"Cape doo" (says the South African "War Cry") badly agrees with the soldiers. Captain T. G. T. Wilson, who is in charge of the Cape Town Barracks, says that the public houses and drink shops are closed when troops are in, known how to supply the vile stuff to the men, and the effect on them is terrible. The other day a Salvation Army Officer was taken as a victim of this poison who absolutely refused to be attended to by any one but her. Every time she polluted him, he gave her water, and when the Salvation Army man was as quiet as a lamb, the Officer was Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Flader.

The following appointments are among those gazetted in the British "Cry" just to hand:—

Brigadier Commander: Brigadier Gide, South-West Scotland; Brigadier Trounce, Brighton; Brigadier Elmhurst, Nottingham; Major and Captain McDonald, Northern Division.

Divisional Chancery: Brigadier Bell, Liverpool; Major Guy, Manchester; and Major Starling, Glasgow.

CANADA WEST

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton had an excellent week-end at Edmonton. Full particulars later.

Major Commander Sowton recently visited the Home for Convalescent Soldiers at Winnipeg Beach. His words of cheer were much appreciated by the men.

The Commissioners will conduct the Public Chorus at the Cadet at the Citadel, Winnipeg, on Thursday, September 18th.

The programme of the special visit of Commissioner Richards to Winnipeg is as follows: Friday, Sept. 17th. Afternoon, Officer Cadet at the Citadel, return to South Africa at night. Sunday, Sept. 18th. Meetings all day at the Citadel.

Lieut.-Colonel Turner will conduct the opening services at the new Health centre at the Citadel, Winnipeg, on Saturday, Sept. 18th.

Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, together with a number of Officers, are at present employing their furlough at The Army College at Winnipeg Beach.

We hope to be in position, in the immediate future, to publish full particulars of the arrangements for the prospective Fall Congress.

Winnipeg III. will celebrate its 14th birthday, Saturday, August 12th. Staff-Captain Peacock will have charge of these Special Services.

Brigadier Taylor conducted the farewell of Adjutant M. Andrews at the Citadel, Winnipeg, on Sunday night, Aug. 12th. Brigadier T. E. H. Taylor, Commandant and Chief Secretary from Japan, arrived at Vancouver.

Mrs. Potter farewelled next Sunday, and proceeds at once to Winnipeg.

We are further pleased to make known that Mrs. Potter's successor in command of The Army at Vancouver will be Mrs. Brigadier Green.

We are sure all our readers will pray that God will bless and guide both these Officers in their work, and that they will be kindly appointed, making them increasingly useful in spreading the Word of the Devil and establishing them in the ways of righteousness. We hope shortly to publish photos and sketches of the careers of both.

LOOK OUT—NEXT WEEK!

We hope next week to receive reports of the opening of the Newfoundland Congress. Also to be able to give particulars of the dates fixed for Canada West's Annual Gathering.

COMMISSIONER SOWTON

Unveils Honour Roll at Winnipeg V., and Delivers Lecture on Army's War Work

Sir Richard McBride

PASSES AWAY IN LONDON, ENGLAND

Distinguished Canadian Statesman
Who Was a Warm Friend of The Salvation Army.

The death of Sir Richard McBride in London, England, has removed another warm friend of The Salvation Army. The distinguished Canadian statesman, who was at one time Premier of British Columbia,



Sir Richard McBride

bis, has on many occasions, pressed his admiration for the work of The Army. Speaking to an interviewer a few years ago, he said:

"The Army in British Columbia does a lot of work that the churches leave untouched! Of course we have not here the social problems you have in England, but the Officers are different in their work and pathos. They have converted many such characters into respectable law-abiding people. Yes," said Mr. McBride, "The Army enjoys the pure conscience of the people of this country."

The Government of which Sir Richard was Premier showed practical evidence of this confidence in The Army by granting financial aid and the Premier himself warmly championed The Army's cause on the floor of the House.

Sir Richard McBride was a leader of the Liberal party of the late Arthur H. McBride, a former warden of the British Columbia Penitentiary. He was born in New Westminster, B.C., and was in his forty-first year.

About four years ago Sir Richard resigned the Premiership of his party to become the Member of Parliament for British Columbia at London, Eng.

A short time ago he resigned this post because of ill-health. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Lady McBride and family.

New Waterford Disaster

OFFICERS VISIT AND COM-

FORT BEREAVED

A further communication from George Johnson of New Waterford, N.S., says that he and Mr. Johnston have been able to do a little in the way of visiting and comforting those bereaved by the recent mining disaster.

The majority of the men from New Waterford who were killed in the explosion, were, he adds, sons of those connected with The Army there.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE

PRAYER TOPICS

"Pray for poor strivin' China; that may be the cause trusting the form and customs which cleanse the sinful spirit."

"Pray for Russia to give our God His rightful place in the building up of their new nation. That Commissioner Mapp may have much success and blessing in establishing the Salvation Army as a vital force for truth in that great land."

WHY NOT PRAISE MORE?

Prayer is vital. What can the soul do without it? To live rightly is to live to God, and living to Him can only be accompanied by constant prayer—that is, incessant communication and asking. Prayer is the wire down which spreads the current of strength from the Divine to the Human. If we are not urgent to pray, we shall soon become the devil's prey!

To pray is good. Sometimes to praise is better. Our Lord must joy to hear us cry for power and help from God. Our Lord must rejoice in the heart of the father when the child clings in danger and weakness by a strong faith to the hand that is able to carry. But with deep pleasure the parent also hears, in the mists of peace of safety, the praise of the little voice that loves: "Oh, you are the best father in the world! I love you so! I love you so!"

In a beautiful poem there is one more beautiful line in which the Lord is represented as "missing His little human praise," which rises daily from a cobbler's heart. Cherubim and seraphim around the throne, praising in tones of gold, the Lord of Eternal Love yearns for the faulty human thrills from the earth beneath.

The long line of spiritual ancestors were equal in praise and prayer. Ofttimes they praised and glorified; are they asked for His mercy and grace? It is easy to see the reason. David got the clean heart and right spirit. After that blessing there is less asking for benefits and rewards upon clemencies, and there is song after song of pure adoration of God and His works and ways.

Paul's prayers and sermons enliven little nothing for himself. The secret of all the Gospel One and reasoning on the Reasons of Life and why souls should come to Christ and be saved. Is not our duty? Let us remind ourselves of what He does daily and hourly for us. He saves us in mind; words of damnation; he saves us from evil; is sufficient of our weaknesses; restores to health; makes necessary pain bearable; answers the right prayers; gives food and clothing, home and love; arranges all things to work towards our good if we serve Him, and to bring us to heaven if we do not; sets His soldiers to us; gives us for a single second; makes all the earth and all creation upon its subversive to us, and under our control.

Shall the heathen shame us with their gods? They praise daily with troubleless ceremony. Shall they be allowed to split us? Let us tell them who is Spirit and Truth, that His praise and adoring reverence is that His right to receive and our duty to offer? Even angels cannot love Him as we can. They have never been saved from sin and death, and the temptations of the flesh.

Our writer, H. H. Frost, wrote and sixteen, factory, odd and also. He is worthy!

The SALVATION ARMY

SALVATION ARMY

This page section is the special "property" of our Soldiers and Recruits. We particularly urge that all newly-enlisted comrades should carefully study the instruction provided, and also that any one in doubt or difficulty should take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the "Question Box." Before a Salvation Soldier can effectively discharge his duties of any branch of his work, he must know something of the nature of those duties and the best method of performing them. And one of the principal duties that devolve upon him—if not the chief duty—is that which relates to the ungodly world around him. This series of papers deals especially with this.—Ed.)

V.—WHAT IS IT TO BE SAVED?

SALVATION means conversion; which signifies that change, which puts the soul itself when it is received into the favour of God. Not only is something done for the soul, but it is also done of itself; because something is wrought within it, which is known as regeneration, and which is spoken of by Jesus as being born again.

Slave to Sin

Before Salvation the sinner is not only mastered by the devil, but is under the power of his own sins, the vice of his vile passions, and the evil of his own nature. But with salvation he becomes free from his ungodliness, and the evil consequences which follow in their train; he is powerless to free himself from them. If he makes resolutions to sin no more, he breaks them almost as soon as made. He has a bad heart which inclines him to evil. He is a slave to his vile passions, and he either delves in the depths of degradation for himself, but to subdue other men to the Lord. His new nature now continually cries out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and carries him forth with the feet of cheerful obedience in the service of his new Master to weep and mourn if necessary to die, in order to bring him into the enjoyment of the salvation which he himself has found.

Salvation means much more. The Salvation Soldier should carefully consider what has been said, read his Bible, examine his own experience, and observe the remarkable doings of God in his life. He is used to be easy for him to do evil, and hard for him to do good; but now it is hard for him to do evil, and easy for him to do good.

Being saved means being adopted into; God's family—being made one of His children, and treated as such. Being saved is to be made an heir of Heaven. The penalty of sin is not only separation from the loss of Paradise. When God forgives a man's sins, he not only saves him from death and gives him life; but with that life He gives a title to Heaven as well. The saved man is made a child of God and an heir of Heaven, "joint heir with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him; that we may also be glorified together."

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the case may be, is not God's message for people to obey him, but He reveals Himself to babes. There is a "catholicity" with God outside of His call, and disobedience is sin.

Then she says she is called, that is sufficient, and she should follow, or she will regret it all her life. I was called of God to be a Salesman at the age of seventeen, when I became a Christian. Contrary to advice of friends, the pleadings of my mother, and, indeed, the orders of my command, which had always been in my life, I was enticed beneath the colours, and I now say in the glory of God: I have never been tempted to leave The Salvation Army.

I believe in obeying parents while their commands can parallel with God's will, but not when they cross."

THE RETURN OF SAMUEL

A certain Samuel had been in his early days, worthy of his greatest. Brought up to take his part in public worship as a chorister, he had become, perhaps, only too willing to sing, and too fond of his manhood as a young singer.

He fell, and sank until he was thought "no good past redemption" a man for whom nobody had hope. But during a special campaign a man now becomes a servant of the living God, and receives the mighty power to walk in the way of God's commandments for himself, but to subdue other men to the Lord. His new nature now continually cries out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and carries him forth with the feet of cheerful obedience in the service of his new Master to weep and mourn if necessary to die, in order to bring him into the enjoyment of the salvation which he himself has found.

Thus God continues to show not only His power surely to save the most abandoned, but with equal readiness to show that His salvation is not an empty promise, but amongst men of such as are hopeless again to an entirely new life of service and praise.

PASSED THE WATER ON

Some fine stories of heroism and self-denial are coming from the battle's front in France. Here is a newspaper report of an incident which is worthy to rank with others that are historical:

"The fierce sun is baking the troops brown. It was noteworthy that water was sent up quickly in buckets from the sea, and then a leather bag was sent to each man. A carrier bringing up kegs of tins of water met a group of Australians in a terrible state from wounds and sweat, but they only moistened their lips and passed the water on, knowing that the men in front needed it badly. That spirit is common among our fighters."

In Answer to Perplexed

Mrs. Adjutant: Ritchie writes, further reply to the letter from Perplexed, which we recently published, the following helpful manner:

"I notice, in reading 'Perplexed's' letter, two particular points first, that she has considered too young to decide for herself in a matter of this kind, and, secondly, that she has had a definite call to Soldiership.

"In the first place, God would not call any one who was incapable of following. I think the Army's best service is to be a soldier to God, neither devils nor man can easily harm him; the very hairs of his head are numbered; no weapon formed against him can prosper. The Bible is full of assurances that God will take care of His own children.

Being saved means that God will always answer your needs. When the prodigal came home there was not only an open door for him at his father's

home,

"Eighteen or twenty-one years, as

WHAT'S DOING ROUND THE WORLD

TO SAVE THE CROPS

GOVERNMENT officials who are preparing an educational exhibit for the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto this year, say that the flax industry in this country is the first to be put on the map, and to be given a prominent place in the exhibition of the Food Controller's Province.

Hon. F. G. MacLarmid, Minister of Public Works, declared it would be necessary to impress upon the public the seriousness of the farm help situation. The Government had secured many men to go to farms, but there was still a great demand for "more men, and more men." He thought the duty of employers to reflect every man they could spare. Ten thousand men would tide over the situation in Ontario.

"It might be possible for a great many of the farmers to struggle along and finally succeed in overcoming the difficulty of lack of labour," added the Minister of Public Works, "but this would result in the crop failure for next year's crop being neglected."

It was resolved to request the Provincial Government to initiate a campaign to secure the men required, and that the farmer be required to pay a minimum wage of \$45 per month and board.

ENCLOSED LIFEBOAT

A NOVEL lifeboat of the enclosed type, with several entirely new features, has just been invented by a man in Hampton, Va. (says the "Illustrated World"). The boat was approved recently by the inspectors of the Department of Commerce.

One of the main features is a waterproof air valve which operates in such a manner that while ventilation is constant, no water can enter. This valve is made of a rubber ball supported on small pins inside a cast-iron bellows, which opens from the outside air and the other inside the boat. The air travels around the ball and thus enters the boat, but water floats the ball and closes the opening. Another clever device is a watertight ear-lock, which is closed by the sea air canvas which is attached around the outer canvas and slipped over an oval collar which surrounds the lock opening.

The passengers enter through manholes, which are then closed and locked. In case there should be difficulty in freeing the boat from the davits or cranes, all restraining ropes and cables can be freed from the interior of the boat by simply pulling a lever.

TORONTO GETS FLOATING DRY-DOCK

THE first floating dock ever seen in Toronto arrived in the harbour in July, being brought in three sections from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, a distance of 1,000 miles.

The huge mass of timber which forms the construction of the dry dock, which weighs 3,000 tons, was towed to Toronto by way of Green Bay, Sturgeon Bay Canal, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, St. Clair River, Lake Erie, Welland Canal, and Lake Ontario. The dry dock, which was recently constructed at St. Louis, cost \$150,000 and sixty thousand dollars, was purchased by the Toronto Dry-Dock Company.

FLAX INDUSTRY REVIVES

TO facilitate the distribution in Central Canada of the finest food fish, a refrigerated car service will be provided from both Atlantic and Pacific coast ports. This is the first step in carrying out the plan of the Food Controller's plan. Fifty years ago there were about



The Importance of Child Welfare

Queen Mary recently visited the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich, which does splendid work in connection with the welfare of mothers and infants. She is here seen inspecting a fine infant.

One hundred mills in Ontario, and many more in the prairies, are engaged in a crop of grain which is the most important crop on many farms. At the time war started in 1914 this number had dwindled to six or seven.

But the war is reviving the industry in a striking way, and as a result of the attractive prices paid to the almost total disappearance of foreign competition, many farmers are dipping into the business.

In all, 8,000 acres have been planted to the crop here this year, while the West has devoted an immense acreage to it. The grain dealers say that twenty-five million forty mill will be operating in Ontario next winter, turning out the products of the flax field.

NO WHIPS ALLOWED

A CORRESPONDENT writes to "Our Dumb Animals" as follows:

"Here's a little fact that will interest you readers: No Whipping driver is allowed to carry a whip. Think of the big busy merchant handling millions of dollars every year, who has time to think about a detail like that!"

TAKE CARE OF EGGS

CARELESSNESS in handling eggs is responsible for great losses every year. To lessen these losses the United States Department of Agriculture calls attention to the following facts:

The loss is due to small cracks in the shells. Once an egg shell is cracked, even so slightly that the eye cannot detect it, the delicate protective coating which Nature has provided becomes exposed to the attacks of bacteria and mold forms, lessening the keeping quality of the egg.

Five percent. of all cold storage eggs, the specialists find, spoil because of these small, scarcely perceptible cracks. Just a little more care in handling eggs will greatly lessen this important waste.

SOME POINTED QUESTIONS

Are you a bankrupt soul?

Do you know that you can have all your debt paid?

Why not meet the conditions?

(See "The Bank of Grace"—Page 2)

AT MALTESE ROMANCE

Stirring Story of Military Life and a Soul's Salvation

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOE BROWN'S PASSING

ABOUT one year after the events recorded in the last chapter, George happened one night to drop into the Soldiers' Institute, Valletta, for a bite of supper. His attention was at once attracted to a tall, fine-looking soldier in a somewhat faded uniform of an American infantry regiment, who was sitting at one of the tables, talking to an interested little group of English soldiers.

The American Sergeant

George sat down in a position where he could easily overhear the conversation. He was intensely interested in American soldiers and their doings, since his chum had sailed for the Philippines. For a few months Joe had sent letters at intervals, then the correspondence ceased, and George concluded that his friend had moved up country into the thick of the fight and had no opportunity for letter-writing.

He gathered from the conversation of the American sergeant—for such he could see he was by the stripes on his arm—that he had been wounded in a desperate engagement with the Filipinos, and had been invalided home, and was now training around from place to place for the fun and novelty of the things. He had set out from New Orleans on a military transport, and had stopped off at Malta because he had a desire to look around the place a bit.

He was a typical Yankee, speaking with a pronounced nasal twang and displaying an abundance of self-confidence and optimism. Before enlisting he had been a reporter on a New York paper, and that probably accounted for his freak notion of travelling around the world by easy stages, taking in the sights and enjoying himself as well as he could on his slender military allowance.

As George listened to his description of the war in the Philippines, he thought that probably the sergeant could give him news about Joe. He resolved to ask him at the first opportunity.

George Introduces Himself

Waiting until the other soldiers had taken their departure, George went up to the sergeant and addressed him thus:

"I am Bombardier Stanton, of the Royal Artillery," said it—well he might, George had got his promotion—and a close friend by the name of Joe Brown, who is with the American forces in the Philippines. Did you happen to come across him out there?"

"Joe Brown?" said the other, "was I should say so. There was one fellow I picked to accompany me was Joe

low of that name I have good reason to remember. He saved my life and lost his own in doing it. What sort of a man was this friend of yours?"

George described Joe with a good deal of detail.

"That's him," said the sergeant. "So he was your chum, eh? Well, shake hands, pard! I'm proud to meet you. Any one who was a

brown. We quietly worked our way round towards the back of the house, and when in position I fired off my rifle as a signal to the rest. The lieutenant then gave the word to charge and the men rose from their seats and started to run towards the house, thinking that the Filipinos would surrender as soon as they realized they were trapped.

"They kept up a steady fire, how-

ever, suggested—but I don't know if it might be safer inside. Making a dash around the house we got to the front door which we knew to be the front door of our safe house. Inside we were confronted by two Filipinos, but they were shot dead before Joe shooting one and killing the other. Then we waited for them to come downstairs. They came with a bang, and though we fired into the crowd as fast as we could, it soon became a hand-to-hand affair. It's not a pretty sight when all that happens in that farmhouse, but after a few minutes' struggle, like a regular shambles, I got out very shaken in the side, which put me out of action, and then Joe, standing before me, fought the remaining Filipinos who had any fight left in 'em—there out of ten. All the rest were dead as door-nails.

An Awful Ten Minutes

"That was an awful ten minutes as I lay on my back helpless and bleeding and watched Joe fighting for my life and his own. But the three of 'em was too many for him, and he went down with half a dozen others, and the rest of us were pushed in at the door."

"They laid us side by side in one of the other rooms and bound up our wounds as best they could. It was plain, however, that Joe's day on earth were numbered. Just before the end came he grasped my hand and said feebly, 'Sergeant—tell my father—say I died like a soldier for the honour of the old flag.'

"They were the last words he spoke. He lies buried right inside the spot where he uttered them."

The sergeant paused; his eyes were moist and his throat a husky. Tears also stood in George's eyes. He was much moved by the story, and the death of his old friend.

"And have you given Joe's father and sister his last message?" asked George.

"Never was able to locate 'em," was the reply.

"Then I will pass it on to them," said George. "But you did not quite finish your story, sergeant," he continued. "Tell us what you managed to get out of the trap the Filipsos sprung upon you."

"Oh," said the sergeant, "that was easy. Our fellows held the farm-house till a couple of hundred came to their relief, and then the Filipsos sprang in quick time, not having stomach for a fight on equal terms."

A Shot at a Venture

"You would make a good soldier for Christ, sergeant," said George, not wishing to lose a chance of spending his Master. Are you serving Him?"

The sergeant was taken by surprise, but he had a ready answer.

"Val, I was a church member for seventeen days," he replied.

"That was about the hottest time of my life. Like to relate how I was once hoisted in a church by the Filipsos, thus baffling George's purpose."

How many folks there are like that, anxious to avoid all direct reference to the state of their soul. George could only hope that his shot had gone home.

(To be continued next week)

friend of Joe Brown's is mine, too," said the sergeant. "He died, eh?" said George. "He declared he'd either win a commission or kill a soldier's grave. Will you tell me how he met his end?"

"Certainly," said the sergeant.

"It's as fine a story of heroism as any one ever listened to, and I'm sure the world is sounding the praises of Joe Brown. He has been invalided home and was now training around from place to place for the fun and novelty of the things. He had set out from New Orleans on a military transport, and had stopped off at Malta because he had a desire to look around the place a bit."

He was a typical Yankee, speaking with a pronounced nasal twang and displaying an abundance of self-confidence and optimism. Before enlisting he had been a reporter on a New York paper, and that probably accounted for his freak notion of travelling around the world by easy stages, taking in the sights and enjoying himself as well as he could on his slender military allowance.

As George listened to his description of the war in the Philippines, he thought that probably the sergeant could give him news about Joe. He resolved to ask him at the first opportunity.

George Introduces Himself

Waiting until the other soldiers had taken their departure, George went up to the sergeant and addressed him thus:

"I am Bombardier Stanton, of the Royal Artillery," said it—well he might, George had got his promotion—and a close friend by the name of Joe Brown, who is with the American forces in the Philippines. Did you happen to come across him out there?"

"Joe Brown?" said the other, "was I should say so. There was one fellow I picked to accompany me was Joe

impatient with them! To become impatient is to deprive them of the very atmosphere they require for enjoyment. They are not lacking here, however, and the teacher or the parent who becomes impatient is robbing the child of his heritage, increasing its load of disadvantage, and making its little pilgrim journey prematurely dark and hard. Let us, therefore, cultivate a sound patience—whatever else we lack, let us see to it that we are not lacking here.

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In losing our patience we lose the very spirit and instrument of progress. How true this is in our relationship to little children, and especially to children who have the misfortune to be dull-witted and slow! How fatal is the mistake to become impatient with them!

To become impatient with them! To become impatient is to deprive them of the very atmosphere they require for enjoyment. They are not lacking here,

however, and the teacher or the parent who becomes impatient is robbing the child of his heritage, increasing its load of disadvantage, and making its little pilgrim journey prematurely dark and hard. Let us, therefore, cultivate a sound patience—whatever else we lack, let us see to it that we are not lacking here.

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WE ARE

Looking For You

We will search the world over in any part of the globe, before and after the armistice, for any persons in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER SOUTON, 100 Main Street, Winnipeg, marked "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to cover expenses. In case of reprobation of photograph, \$2 extra.

Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are requested to communicate regularly through the Missing Persons Bureau, and to give full information concerning any case, always naming name and number of same.

DAVID BOOTRUP. Last heard of 1908. No address. Hay serves. Medium build, gold hair, about 25 years of age; a sign painter by trade. References inquire.



ANDREW PETERSON. At 1912½. Brown eyes, brown hair, small. Last heard of 1908. No address. Worked in a lumber mill, then in a sawmill, then worked on a ship. References inquire.

Replies to the following should be sent to Lieut.-Colonel Hargrave, James and Albert Streets, Toronto; marked "Enquiry" on the envelope.

WILLIAM BORRADALE. 1912½. Very tall, thin, light complexion, dark hair, grey eyes. Last heard of in Yale, B.C., March, 1912. Brothers at Regis, Sask., very anxious to hear of his whereabouts. (See photo.)

ANDREW PETERSON. At 1912½. Brown eyes, brown hair, small. Last heard of 1908. No address. Worked on a ship. References inquire.

Replies to the following should be sent to Lieut.-Colonel Hargrave, James and Albert Streets, Toronto; marked "Enquiry" on the envelope.

WILLIAM BORRADALE. 1912½. Very tall, thin, light complexion, dark hair, grey eyes. Last heard of in the employ of Mr. F. F. Ford, Santa Fe, N.M., of Plaza West Inn.

MRS. T. J. SMITH. 11187. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark brown hair, pale complexion, blue eyes. Last heard of 1912. Lived in Ontario, Canada, and Alberta. In October, 1916, left Canada almost distract from news.

MRS. J. W. GREGORY. 11225. Came to Canada from Scotland in 1912. Last letter received from her was dated June 1916. She has written to me and written from Toronto, Ont., in 1916. She is slender, dark hair, large eyes, slender figure. No address or news. (See photo.)

G. W. OVERBROUGH. 11224. Are over 40, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 147 lbs.; dark hair, blue eyes. Last heard of in 1916. About a year ago, went to the North, and it is believed to have returned. wife very ill, and unable to work.

MRS. ANN MARTIN. 11226. Mother name Annie Hunt. Last heard of in Montreal four years ago. News recently dictated by mother.

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